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ERIC'S BOOK OF BEASTS

DAVID STARR JORDAN



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THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
(CLASS OF 1882)
OF NEW YORK

1918

Aux Animaux

**In Holland, at the Hague, you know,
Well-regulated people go
To the Hotel Ozanimo.
(The spelling I've carnegified;
I often do this on the side).
Here all Creation lives in peace,
And therefore Wonders never Cease!**



ERIC'S BOOK OF BEASTS

DONE IN WATER-COLORS
AND ACCOMPANIED WITH APPROPRIATE
JINGLES BY

DAVID STARR JORDAN

INTERPRETED IN BLACK AND
WHITE BY

SHIMADA SEKKO



PAUL ELDER AND COMPANY
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THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
1918

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Prefatory Note

These cartoons were made one by one in moments of leisure to please a small boy. They are now reprinted in the hope of pleasing other small boys and girls. They were originally in color, but for the present purpose they have been made over in black and white by a Japanese artist, who has given them life by occasional quaint touches of his own.

David Starr Jordan
Stanford University, California
January 19, 1912

[v]

L'Envoi

I write and paint in doggerel
Though all the Muses shriek and yell!
I go serenely on my way
Not caring what such folks may say!

Contents

| | Page | | Page |
|--------------------------------|---------------------|-------------------------------------|-------------------|
| Aux Animaux | <i>Frontispiece</i> | In Moonlight | 56 |
| Prefatory Note | iii | Hunter and Deer | 58 |
| L'Envoi | v | The Gazelle | 60 |
| Eric's Planet | 2 | A Bulldog by the River | 62 |
| The Caravan | 4 | The Squidgecumquees | 64 |
| Jack the Rabbit | 6 | Road to Mandalay | 66 |
| An Elephant | 8 | Mitgard Serpent | 68 |
| The 'Potamus | 10 | Saint Georgeing the Dragon. | 70 |
| My Crocodile | 12 | Flotsam and Jetsam | 72 |
| The Giraffe | 14 | The Atoll | 74 |
| A Goat | 16 | Storm Wind | 76 |
| The 'Possum | 18 | Eric in the Dark | 78 |
| Old Sea Catch | 20 | Mars' Stars and Pa's | 80 |
| Quail | 22 | The Porcupine | 82 |
| The Ptarmigan | 24 | The Purple Cow | 84 |
| The Pelican | 26 | I and Gnu | 86 |
| The Man | 28 | Bobo | 88 |
| The Fish | 30 | The Lone Salmon | 90 |
| The Lion | 32 | Bean Soup | 92 |
| Horned Toad | 34 | A Lost Shadow | 94 |
| A Hospitable Reptile | 36 | The Gazibou | 96 |
| A Social Lobster | 38 | In Junglest Africa | 98 |
| Cats and Kings | 40 | Eric Fishing | 100 |
| Little Children | 42 | Eric's Bulldog | 102 |
| Six Kings | 44 | The Steering Gear | 104 |
| An Aspiring Monkey | 46 | Brother Knight | 106 |
| Old Time Folks | 48 | My Daddy's Family | 108 |
| The Wunx | 50 | Christmas Past | 110 |
| Totem Poles | 52 | The Last Act | 112 |
| Organ and Organ Man | 54 | Inca | <i>Tail-piece</i> |

ERIC'S BOOK OF BEASTS



[2]

Eric's Planet

Eric said to Jupiter:

"Here I am. Good

morning, Sir,

What are your small

planets worth?

Give me one. I'll

take the Earth."



[4]

The Caravan
Van! Van! Caravan!
Who is the camel and
which is the man?



[6]

Jack the Rabbit

Jack the Rabbit

Has the habit

When you look him
in the face

He is in some other
place.



[8]

An Elephant
I never saw an Elephant
But that's no symptom
that I sha'n't.



The 'Potamus

My little 'Potamus and I
Walk hand in hand when
roads are dry,
But when the clouds
begin to rain,
I creep into his mouth
again.



My Crocodile

My Crocodile is good to me—
He is as nice as he can be;
But when I go out for a ride,
I'd rather not come back
inside.



The Giraffe

If the Giraffe were not so tall
He'd be an Awful Cannibal,
But just before he goes to bed
He sits awhile upon his head.



A Goat

This little beast is called
a Goat,

He isn't anything of note,
But give him a tomato can
And he's a match for any
Man.



The' Possum

The' Possum sees the
little boy;
It does not seem to
give him joy.



Old Sea Catch

Old Sea Catch comes out
on the shore
To Roar,
And then he thinks it's
time once more
To Roar,
And then he thinks he'll
have to roar
Some more!



Quail

I would not like to be a
Quail,
And have Salt sprinkled
on my Tail.



[24]

The Ptarmigan

The Ptarmigan lives in
the Snow;
Can Eric see him? I
don't know.



The Pelican

If I were born a Pelican,
I'd try my best to be a Man!



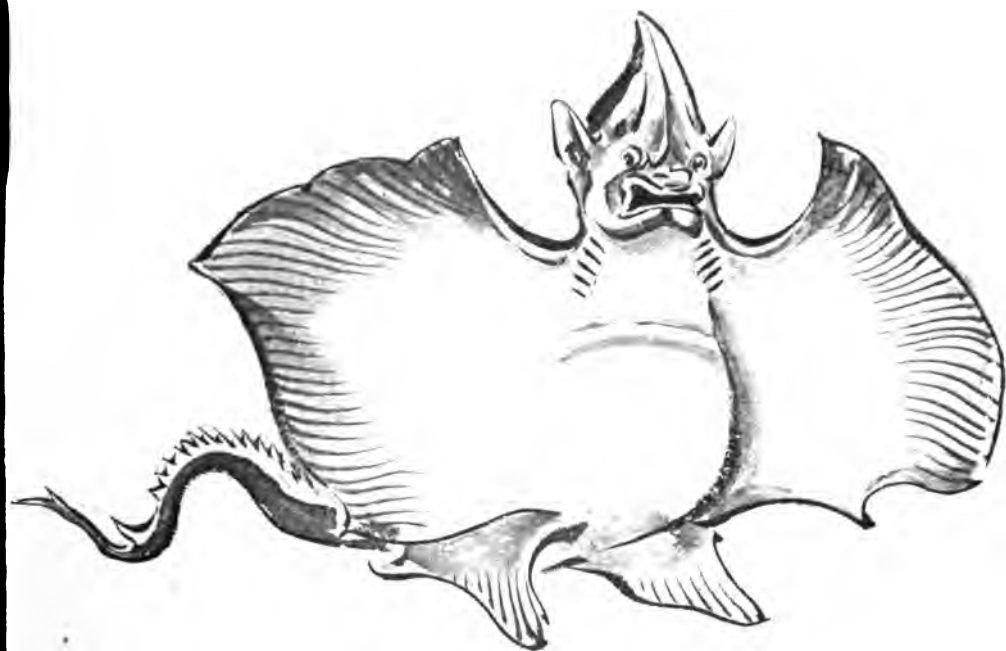
The Man

If I were born a Man, I'd wish
I might associate with Fish.



The Fish

If I were born a fish—
but then,
No use to wish: Men
must be Men.



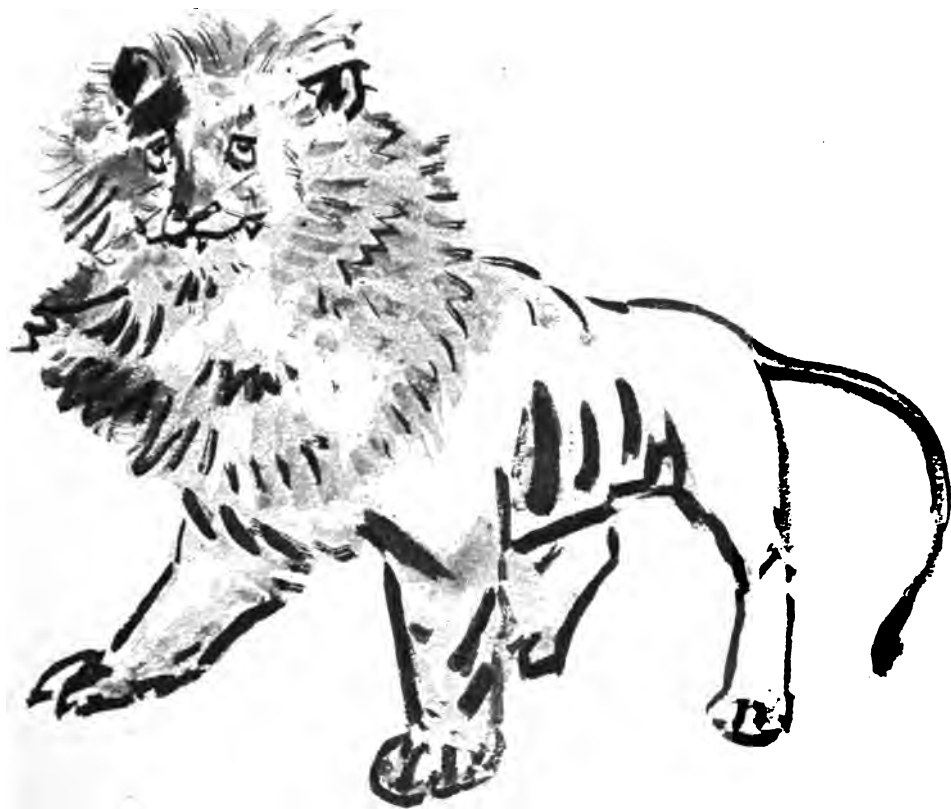
The Lion

The Lion looks like Santa
Claus,

I think that this should
give him paws.

When he on Lionizing's
bent,

He always looks benevo-
lent.



Horned Toad

Phryne is the beast, his name,
Eric loves him just the same;
On his back, see, if you please,
Eric's name in Japanese.



A Hospitable Reptile

This Reptile is a hardened
sinner;

But when a friend drops in
for dinner,

He greets him with an
open smile,

And makes him merry
quite a while.

O let us, like this Reptile,
be

Renowned for Hospitality!



A Social Lobster

The Lobster's home is in
the Sea;

It is as humble as may be.
But he has wandered far
afield,

And now his presence is
revealed

Within our best Society.

This Lesson to us all is
sent

To lend us due Encour-
agement.



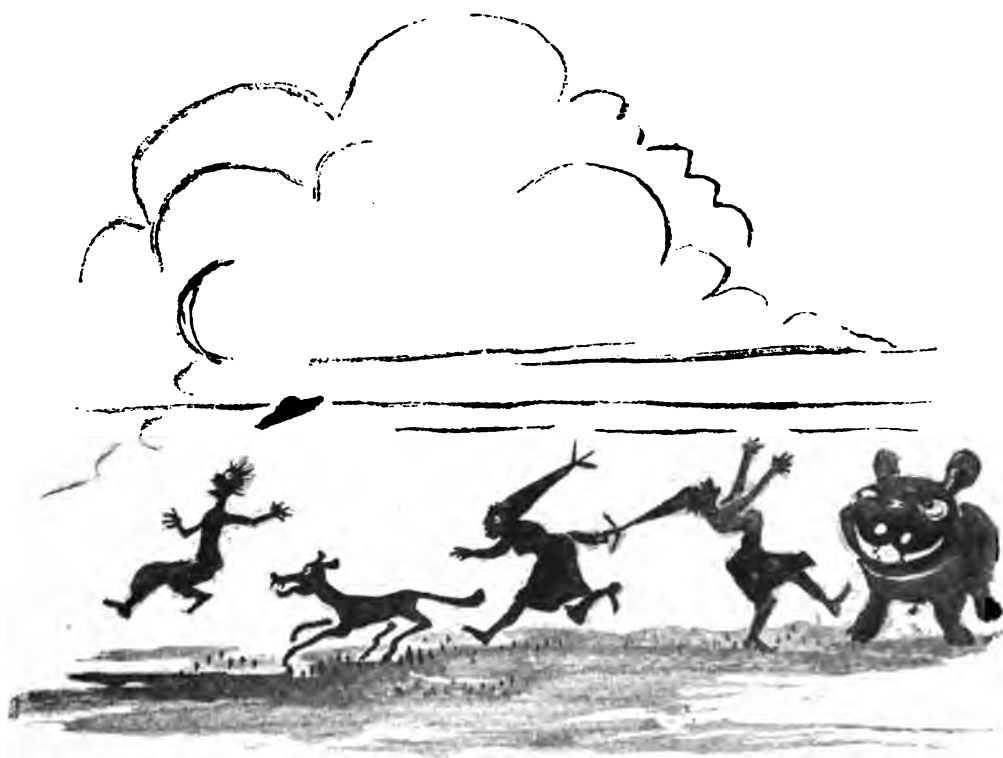
Cats and Kings

A Cat may look at any King,
If he cares for that sort of
thing;
And, if he likes the likes of
that,
Most any King can see a Cat.



Little Children

Little children at their play,
Happy, scrappy all the day.



Six Kings

There were six Kings of
Yvetôt;

They stood up there all in
a row,

And every time they looked
around

They cast their eyes upon
the ground.

I do not like to look at
Kings—

They do such very awful
things;

For actions such as this
must tend

To make one's hair stand
up on end!



An Aspiring Monkey
Once a Monkey in Japan
Vowed his destiny was Man;
So he climbed up in a tree,
Then I saw him wink at me.



Old Time Folks

These twain our ancestors
must be,
(Arboreal, undoubtedly)
But this is true; it seems
to me,
If Adam looked like this
and Eve,
(With no intention to
deceive)
Thus in Creation's Rosy
Dawn,
I'm glad that I came later
on.



The Wunx

In their dugout lives the Wunx
With his jolly family;
Tasting happiness in chunks,
Just the same as you and me:
Not much use the world to
roam—

Happiness is found at home.

(After J. W. R.)



Totem Poles

O, my Prophetic Soul!

I see a Totem Pole—

The only Ancient Screed

That Hempl cannot read!



Organ and Organ Man

The children sing in far Japan;

The children sing in Spain;

The organ and the organ man

Are singing in the rain!

R. L. S.



In Moonlight

The squally Cat and squeaky
Mouse;

The howly Dog, by the door
of the house;

The Bat that hangs to his bed
till noon,

They all come out by the light
of the moon.

R. L. S.



Hunter and Deer
“The Hunter still the Deer
pursues,
The Hunter and the Deer
a shade.”



The Gazelle

I never loved a fond Gazelle
But it would jump and snort
and yell.



[62]

A Bulldog by the River
A Bulldog by the river's brim,
A sinful Bulldog was to him.



Squidgecumsquees

The Cats catch Mice and the
Goblins chase the Elves,
But the Squidgecumsquees
they swallow themselves.

(After J. W. R.)



Road to Mandalay

On the Road to Mandalay
Where the Flying Fishes play
And the Dawn come up like
thunder
Out of China, 'cross the Bay.

R. K.



Mitgard Serpent

It was the Mitgard Serpient,
He grabbed the Earth and
away he went;

(The Mitgard Serpent was a
Cat

With a dozen legs, or about
like that).

He swallowed his tail with
all his might,

Then spit on his claws and
held on tight;

And so the world went round
all right.

And 'twas sometimes day and
sometimes night,

And 'twas always dark when
it wasn't light.



Saint Georging the Dragon

There once was a brave

Knight of Pendragon,

Who tried to Saint George
an old Dragon;

But the Dragon had Claws

At the ends of his Paws,

(With no adequate Pauses

At the ends of his Clauses).

At last when the scrimmage
was done,

The Dragon had most of
the Fun!



Flotsam and Jetsam

There once was a person
in Spatsum

Who et some and gave to
his cat some;

But just what he et
That I cannot tell yet,
But 'twas probably
Flotsam and Jetsam.



The Atoll

I know a magic circle in the
Sea

Etched on the blue with pale
gray coral sand.

A mountain sank there once,
amid the spray,

Its widening eddies stiffened
into land

With lazy surges flapping
on the strand!



Storm Wind

One day the Storm Wind
came to town

And the Barometer went
down.

And all the dogs and cats
had wings—

And so had all the other
things.



Eric in the Dark

Little Eric in the dark
Saw a Boojum and a Snark
With a bunch of Gobelins;
Also many other things.
Such, a small boy sees in
dreams
When by night he ups and
screams.



Mars' Stars and Pa's

The Sun is down,
The lazy Hound;
The Moon is up,
The little Pup.
I see the Stars;
One of 'em's Mars,
I think the others
Must be Pa's.
The Stars shine bright,
I'm sure it's night;
Then go to bed,
You sleepy-head!



[82]

The Porcupine

The Porcupine's awake at
Dawn

To see how Eric's coming on.



The Purple Cow

"I never saw a Purple Cow!"
How can I paint one? This
is How!



I and Gnu

When we have nothing else
to do

We ride together, I and Gnu;
And if I'm feeling extra smart,
I take him spinning in my
cart!



Bobo!

Comes the Bobo from his lair,
Cats and squirrels in his hair.
Eric's not a bit afraid;
He knows how such beasts
are made.



The Lone Salmon

Little Eric caught a Salmon
Wandering through the field!
Mother said: "It is alarmon'
What our waters yield."



B

ean Soup

Bean soup is bad!
 It makes me mad
 When mother gives such
 stuff to me.
 But when I pour
 It on the floor
 I'm just as happy as I can be.
 When Mother spansks
 I give her thanks,
 Because I know 'tis good
 for me.
 A happy Boy
 Am I. O Joy!
 What time my Daddy
 paints for me!



A**Lost Shadow**

Eric and his little Shadow
Went out walking in the
Meadow.

Little Shadow got away –
Haven't seen him since
that day.



The Gazibou

Here we go, O Gazibou!
Eric's not afraid of you;
You may scratch and
 reach and cough
But you cannot throw
 him off!



In Junglest Africa*

When politicians bungle
'Tis quiet in the Jungle—
For all the Beasts are tired
Because a Man is fired.

And may the parrot teach us
This lesson of the hour—
That going out of Office
Is going into Power.

*The cartoon is suggested by one in the "Indianapolis News," 1910.



Eric Fishing

Little Eric went a-fishing
With his rod and line and
hook,
And his wishing cap for
wishing
Half the minnows in the
brook.

This is what he caught by
wishing:

Trout and flying-fish and
whale.

This is what he caught by
fishing:

One small tadpole by the
tail!



Eric's Bulldog

Bulldog is a fearsome thing—
Eric leads him with a string.



The Steering Gear

Brother Knight pounds away
with his hammer so gay,
While Daddy does stunts
with his pen;
And mother sits clear at the
steering gear
And bosses all three of us
men.



Brother Knight

Brother Knight is fond of curls;
Half his ancestors were girls!
So your daddy says; but, then,
Half of mine were gentlemen.
Thus we understand each other
As a sister does a brother.
'Tis a combination fine—
Will you be my Valentine?



Wy Daddy's Family
Brother Knight, he is all right,
With Harold, Edith and the
rest;
But of all my Daddy's family
I like myself the best.



[110]

Christmas Past

Content am I but just to
sign the checks;

Nor wot what mystery is
brewing next!



NOW LET US DISMISS
ALL THOUGHTS OF CHRISMISS



The Last Act

Eric's grown up with the
men;

He won't need these things
again.

Sweep them out! He'll find
his Joy

With some other sort of Toy!





**Little Incas have long ears,
May they sleep a thousand years!**

AND SO HERE ENDETH "ERIC'S BOOK OF BEASTS" WHICH
DAVID STARR JORDAN DID WITH HIS PEN AND PAINT BOX,
BUT THE PICTURES WERE TOO BEE-YOUTIFUL AND 'SPEN-
SIVE; SO HE GOT HIS FRIEND, SHIMADA SEKKO, TO TRANS-
LATE THEM INTO CALM BLACK AND WHITE. PAUL ELDER
AND COMPANY OF SAN FRANCISCO HAVE MADE THEM INTO
A BOOK, WITH GREAT GLEE. AT THEIR TOMOYÉ PRESS
JOHN SWART DESIGNED THE TYPE PAGE, AND JEAN OLIVER
HELPED WITH THE DECORATIONS—AND IT WAS ALL
FINISHED AND SENT OUT INTO THE WORLD FOR GOOD
BOYS AND GIRLS IN THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY, 1912

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